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Sababa sirrii ta’eef dhaabachuu / Standing out for the right reason

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Afan Oromo om / English en

Edisoon Angoolaatti dhalate, erga biyyattiin bilisa baate booda. Mucaa baayyee dheeraa ture. Sababa dheerina isaatiin adda bahee mul’ate. Namoonni waraana biyya keessaa keessatti akka lolanuutti ijoolleef meeshaa waraanaa kennaa turan ijoollee dhiiraa akka isaa barbaadan.

. . .

Edson was born in Angola, just after the country became independent. He was a very tall boy. Because of his height he stood out. The people who were giving weapons to children to fight as soldiers in the civil war wanted boys like him.

Amma nama guddaa waan ta’eef, Edisoon daa’imman baqattootaa fi namoota biroo hawaasa keessaa baafamuuf balaadhaaf saaxilaman leenjisa. Yeroo tokko dheerinni isaa daa’ima loltuu ta’uuf balaa keessa isa galche. Amma, dheerinni isaa namoonni kaan nageenyi akka itti dhaga’amu gargaaruuf humna isaaf kenna.

. . .

Now that he is an adult, Edson trains refugee children and others at risk of being excluded from society. Once, his height put him in danger of becoming a child soldier. Now, his height gives him strength to help others feel safe.

Guyyaa tokko barsiisaan tokko kubbaa harkaa irratti hammam akka ga’umsa qabu hubate. Garee kubbaa harkaa tokkotti makamee baayyee milkaa’eera. Mana barumsaatti jaallatamaa ta’ee michoota horateera. Akkasumas ofitti amanamummaa guddaa argate.

. . .

One day a teacher noticed how good he was at basketball. He joined a basketball team and was very successful. He became popular at school and made friends. He also became more confident.

Haati isaa akka isa fudhatan sodaattee waan turteef, adaadaa takka waliin Poorchugaal akka jiraatu erguuf murteessite. Achitti nagaa ta’a jettee yaadde.

. . .

His mother was afraid they would take him, so she decided to send him to live in Portugal with an aunt. She thought he would be safe there.

Edisoon haala qilleensaa ho’aa, nyaata aadaa fi hunda caalaa hammachuu fi dhungachuu haadha isaa waan dhabeef, jalqaba irratti baayyee rakkisaa ture.

. . .

It was very difficult to begin with, as Edson missed the warm weather, the traditional food and, most of all, his mother’s hugs and kisses.

Afaan Poorchugaal akka gaariitti waan hin beekneef daree isaa fi haasawa hiriyyoota daree isaa hordofuun baayyee itti ulfaate. Hundaafuu gara Poorchugaal dhufuun yaada gaarii ta’aa jedhee yaade.

. . .

He did not speak Portuguese well and found it very hard to follow his classes and the conversations of his classmates. He wondered if it was a good idea to come to Portugal after all.